

Of Miracles and Courage : Extra Game

by Airise

Category: Kuroko no Basuke/é»'å-•ã•@ãf•ã,¹ã,±

Genre: Friendship, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Generation of Miracle, OC

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-15 16:49:42

Updated: 2016-04-15 16:49:42

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:33:18

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,397

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: She got her friends back. Generation of Miracles got their Courage back. What happened when a certain, obnoxious, stronger player wanting to have his property back too?

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****A/N :** Tbh, I'm having second guess about continuing this. But after reading reviews and PMs and re-read the story, yeah, there are a lot of things left hanging. ******

****And boy, we all hate it. ****

****So, I decided to give closure. But, it's probably going to be real slow and AU, mainly because I didn't read the Extra Game myself. ****

****That said, yoroshiku!****

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><p>Spring, year xxxx. Moscow, Russia.<p>

A young man, in his early 20s was busy mopping off the floor with his opponents. He's been going at it since two hours ago and yet, there's no sign of fatigue shown on his symmetrical face.

"Young master." An orange ball came flying in the middle of the showdown at the butler, who dodged it in time. The butler knew too well that his master hated to have his game interrupted, no matter what the reason was.

Even if it means, the whole land was on fire and there's no escape.

"Master summons you in his chamber." He calmly stated his purpose

despite having the ball came at him with the speed of 120km per hour.

Yuri wiped off the sweat of his face with his wristband. He was looking at the mountain of corpses that he crushed earlier. "That old geezer do know how to spoil my day."

* * *

><p>After he showered, Yuri had changed clothes from his sportswear to something less casual and more formal. He was wearing a black vest on top of his formal white shirt with black slack that his butler had prepared for him. Standing in front of the chamber's door, Yuri sighed thinking what kind of mess did he need to fix this time. Gathering what's left of his will, he knocked the door three times and wait for the approval to enter.<p>

"Come in." And that's his cue.

Yuri carefully entered the lair where his father spent most of his times in. Even as a son, he grew up without seeing his father much, unlike a normal person.

Then again, he's not that normal, with his background and such.

"I want you to fly to Japan." Yuri almost choked at his father's words.

"May I ask why?"

The Master of Nikolas household glared at Yuri. Yuri gulped. Despite what he's done in his life, he's still never get used to his father's glare.

"Yuuki is there."

Yuri's eyes went slightly wide, enough to register his surprise. Yuuki. That name carved itself in his brain and reserved a place in his memory.

Why?

Because Yuuki Ivankoff was-

"You're not forgetting who she is, isn't it?" Nikolas cut off Yuri's thought when Yuri didn't respond much.

"Didn't she run away from Russia three years ago?" Yuri didn't particularly hate Yuuki. But he also didn't feel any excitement about being engaged to a stranger. And Yuuki seemed to have the mutual sentiment.

Imagine their faces when the families dropped the bombshell to them.

"You're going to take the first flight that leaves tomorrow." Nikolas ignored his son's question. "And be sure to grab onto her this time."

"Father..."

"And I heard she's with a couple of basketball geniuses." Yuri's eyes went sparkled at 'basketball geniuses'. Damn Nikolas knew where to hit the spot. "I expected nothing less from you."

Yuri bowed faithfully. "Yes, Father."

* * *

><p>After Yuri's been excused, he returned to his room, where Ivan was waiting. Ivan was his childhood friend and his number one trusted butler. He knew of Yuri's life more than his own family. Heck, Yuri confided in him more than everyone else's combined together.<p>

"You should be packing." Ivan reminded Yuri about his priority. "Your flight leaves tomorrow morning."

"Whatever. I highly doubt she's going to welcome me with red carpet, bouquet of flower and a hug." Yuri plopped down on his king-sized bed.

"She did slap me, after all." Yuri chuckled, signalling he's not surprised at the gesture. "Aren't you excited to see her again, after all these years?"

The 20-year-old guy laid flat on his back. "No offense, but Yuuki aside, I'm more curious about the basketball prodigies."

Ivan sighed. "I can already imagine she's preparing a Molotov cocktail to welcome you by now."

"True." Yuri reached for his pillow, while imagining Yuuki's deadly reaction. "And that's why she's my perfect little fiancée~" And dozed off to Dreamland with a meaningful smirk.

* * *

><p>To laugh or not to laugh.<p>

Yuuki decided to go with the former.

"Hahahaahahahahahahahahahahahaha!" It was a loud one, that earned glances from the surrounding tables at Maji Burger. Slowly, it turned into a silent laughter and before anyone knew it, Yuuki became a retarded seal clapping her hands and laughing endlessly.

"I must say, this is the first time I've seen Yuuki-san laugh this hard." Kuroko slurped his milkshakes, not bothered even the slightest when he saw this new side of Yuuki.

"Me too." Momoi agreed. "Anyways...this is also the first I heard Dai-chan lost..." The pinkette sent a sympathetic glance at her childhood friend, who at this point, was trying his best not to smack Yuuki's head to the table.

"Loser." Kagami shoved the 19th burger into his mouth, not even chewing on it. He then looked at Yuuki ridiculously. "Is she really thinking about laughing and acting like that the whole night?" Kagami furrowed his eyebrows together.

Kuroko looked at Yuuki, then to Kagami. "She's not stopping anytime

soon."

Aomine groaned. Momoi's big mouth had really done the damage on his reputation now. Him! The greater-than-thou, no-one-can-beat-me-but-me Aomine Daiki lost!

Unacceptable!

"So, did you know who he is?" Yuuki finally asked after 30 long minutes of transforming into a retarded seal.

Aomine ate a handful grab of fries, trying to cool himself down, but to no avail. Heck, he almost choked and died, if not for his godly reflexes of grabbing Kuroko's milkshake from across the table.

"Aomine-kun." Kuroko frowned when Aomine returned the drink to him. He shook the empty paper cup. "That's my milkshake."

"Wow. Is Tetsu's indirectly saying milkshake is more important than Aomine's life?" Yuuki interpreted with a mischievous grin on her face.

"Shut up!"

Yuuki raised her arms in a surrendering manner, not wanting to pour another gallon of fuel. "Someone who can beat Daiki, eh? Sounds like a bad news."

* * *

><p>A bad news was really an understatement, at this point. This was a disaster!<p>

Yuuki threw her keys at her uninvited, unexpected guest who was sitting leisurely on swivel chair when he spun around to face her. "That's dangerous." His voice was as calm as ever.

"How on Earth did you get into my apartment?" Yuuki's tone became awry.

"Really?" Yuri chuckled. "You want to ask me that?"

Yuuki facepalmed. "I don't have any swivel chair here."

"That's why Ivan got this for me." Yuri explained. "I need it for dramatic effect." He finally got up from his chair and walked towards Yuuki.

Yuuki instinctively moved backwards, but she forgot that the distance between her and the door was less than three feet. So, right now, she's a cornered rat between the door and Yuri.

"What are you doing here, Yuri?" Yuuki's almost whispering. She could smell Yuri's subtle scent of manly perfume. He got even taller and his shoulder was broader.

Honestly, she couldn't believe how she forgot about him all these years.

"You should hide better if you don't want to be found." Yuri kissed her cheek, then down to her neck. "I miss you."

Yuuki moaned at the traces at Yuri left. Damn him. "Yuri..."

"You know how we works." Yuri gave one last kiss on her lips. He spun Yuuki around, so that his exit will be unblocked. "Orders are in, Yuuki."

Yuuki had a horror expression. "Don't tell me..."

"I'm going to bring you back." Yuuki felt her oxygen supply was cut. "And destroy the guys whom you're with." Yuuki felt her world crashed on top of her.

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><p>AN : So, how was it? RnR is much appreciated~**

End
file.